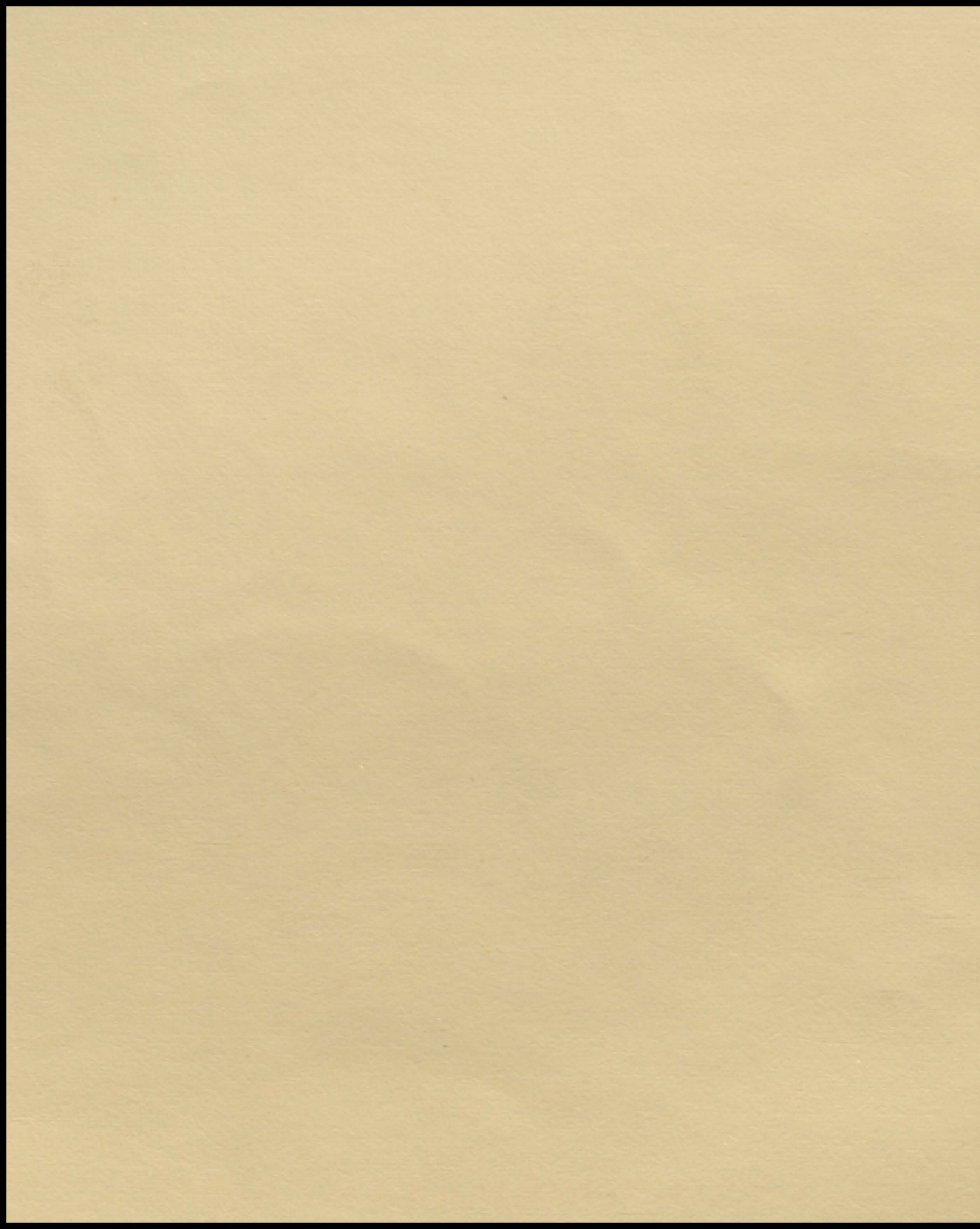




The Shield



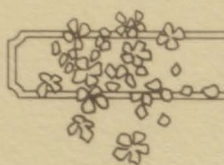
1938



The
Shield
1938



ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY
TACOMA, WASHINGTON



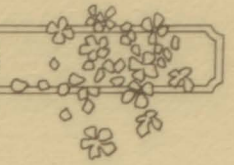
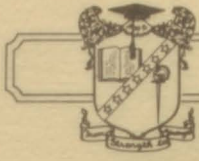
1938

THE SHIELD



DEDICATION - - -

With grateful appreciation, we dedicate THE SHIELD of 1938 to Marie Woodworth Templeton, friend, teacher, faculty adviser to the Staff. Her guidance and her help in securing and arranging the contents, have made The 1938 Shield possible.



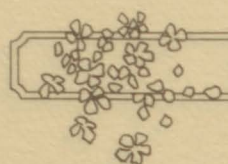
My sincere and affectionate greetings to all Seminary girls . . .

To those who have left their Seminary school days behind them, with the rich memories of youthful endeavor and lasting friendships . . .

To those who now in their happy days in Annie Wright, are experiencing the joys, and sometimes the disappointments, of attainment.

The Seminary wishes for all times your affection and loyalty. A cordial welcome will await you whenever your thoughts and your steps turn to us.

SALLIE EGERTON WILSON.



1938

THE SHIELD



Standing: Sheilah Sullivan, Frances Young, Martha Turner, Faye Garber, Margaret McGinnis, Cleo Garber, Barbara Roberts, Muriel Mattson, Anne Murray. Second row: Lorraine Savin, Marjorie Beam, Valerie Walkinshaw, Frances Sanborn, Marie Templeton, Beverley Old, Bette-Jo Simpson, Ann Huston, Joan Burmeister, Shirley Robbins.

THE STAFF OF THE CREST AND THE SHIELD

Editor

Margaret McGinnis

Associate Editors

Literature

Martha Turner

Art

Shirley Robbins

School News

Bette-Jo Simpson

Alumnae

Anne Murray

Current Events

Barbara Roberts

Assistants

Muriel Mattson

Valerie Walkinshaw

Sheilah Sullivan

Jean Bullen

Faye Garber

Features

Joan Burmeister

Lower School

Bonnie Jean Chitty

Printing

Frances Sanborn

Cleo Garber

Business Managers

Frances Young

Marjorie Beam

Assistant Editor of The Shield

Lorraine Savin

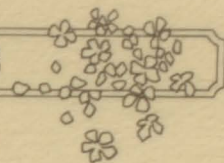
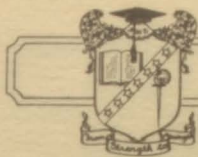
Barbara Ohnick

Jean Hutchinson

Ann Huston

Faculty Adviser

Marie Woodworth Templeton



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1938

In September, 1924, one lone member of the illustrious class of 1938 started on her Seminary career — Joan Burmesiter. In January, however, she was joined by Margaret McGinnis. The following September our numbers were increased by Anne Murray and Frances Young. Thus with these early founders and with Martha Turner, Jean Hutchinson, and Mary Jean Morris who soon joined them, began our history at the Seminary. The years passed with surprisingly few mishaps. In June, 1934, we received our eighth grade diplomas with proud hearts. Among these "graduates" were Mary Nasmyth, Shirley Robbins, and Judy Fraser.

Joy complete! Now we were Freshmen. Virginia Crowe, Lois Parker, Virginia Humbird, Frances Sanborn, and Joan Hopkins joined our energetic ranks that year. We took active parts in sports, and were enthusiastic participants in all school activities. Anne Murray as our president led us successfully, and it was said that we showed "promise of future renown."

As Sophomores we certainly began to fulfil that prophecy. Martha Turner was our leader that year. Lois Jannsen was our only new member. In the fall we distinguished ourselves in athletics by winning the hockey championship. After Christmas we gave a carnival which is not yet forgotten. It had all the concessions, barkers (shall we ever forget Parkie?), balloons, food of a real carnival, but it was free. After Easter came our Hop which, we are told, we handled remarkably well. The night of the Prom we had the traditional theatre party and feast. What quantities of food we did consume that night! Then came the climax of the whole year, the Athletic Banquet, at which we were much in evidence. With spirits high, we strode into our junior year.

It was a thrill to be upper classmen, especially since our increased numbers added to our importance. Ann Huston, Bette-Jo Simpson, Patricia and Phyllis Fraser, Marjorie Beam, Cleo Garber, and Constance Franckum had now joined us. Anne Murray was again our able engineer. The first semester fairly flew, sports being uppermost in our minds. Before we realized it, Christmas was upon us, bringing with it the Carol Service and a jolly party in Miss Wilson's apartment. In almost no time at all we were planning for the

Frolic. We chose valentines as our motif, and the gymnasium became a bevy of red hearts. Then came the most important event of all, the Prom. We transformed the Great Hall into a Dutch garden and the Freshmen attendants wore Dutch costumes. Surely there never has been and never will be such a dance. When May Day came, Bette-Jo Simpson was our lovely representative at the Queen's court. Commencement passed. At last we were ready to assume the honors and responsibilities of seniors.

When we returned in the fall, it was hard to believe that we really were SENIORS. As soon as elections were over, however, Ann Huston having been elected president, and Martha Turner, vice-president, we began a short search for the spade-short, because within three days Lois Parker found it. For the last lap of our journey Eleanor Godfrey and Barbara Roberts joined us. The next important event of the fall term was the sorority dance which more than fulfilled our expectations. Before the Christmas holidays came our last Carol Service at the Seminary. Afterwards we met in Miss Wilson's cottage for a festive party and at midnight we sang carols in the corridors. Then in April the Juniors entertained us at the Prom. The first week-end in May was set aside for Dad's day, and surely the dads have never been so jolly as they were this year. A week later we joyfully crowned our lovely May Queen, Frances Young. Her charming Junior attendant was Sheilah Sullivan. We could not have asked for anything more beautiful than our May Day.

Commencement festivities began with the Junior-Senior banquet after which we held the formal sorority initiation. Then came Class Day with the planting of our tree, the willing of our prized possessions, and the bonfire. The Senior Play, "The Cradle-Song," was a triumphant success—we thought. The Great Day finally arrived. After working and waiting for it during so many years we could hardly believe that it was now a reality.

The story of the Class of 1938 is now another colorful page in the annals of a wonderful school. Our motto, "Esse quam videre," and that of the Seminary, "From strength to strength," have been our guides. And now with many a backward glance of longing we say, "Farewell."



SENIORS

1938



MARJORIE BEAM

Portland, Oregon

Entered in her junior year. Assistant Business Manager of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Whitman College.



CONSTANCE FRANCKUM

Vancouver, British Columbia

Entered in 1936. President of the Athletic Association. Plans to attend the University of British Columbia.



JOAN BURMEISTER

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the kindergarten. Secretary-treasurer of the Sophomore class. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to enter Whitman College.



JUDY FRASER

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the eighth grade. Blue team captain. Plans to attend Mills College.



VIRGINIA CROWE

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the first grade. Re-entered in her freshman year. Vice president of the Senior Sorority. Scholarship, Mills College.



PATRICIA FRASER

Boise, Idaho

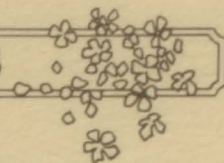
Entered in her junior year. Secretary-treasurer of the Senior class. Vice president of the Junior class. Plans to attend Scripps College.



PHYLLIS FRASER

Boise, Idaho

Entered in her junior year. President of the Senior Sorority. Plans to attend Scripps College.



SENIORS

1938



CLEO GARBER
Chewela, Washington

Entered in 1936. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Wisconsin.

VIRGINIA HUMBIRD
Chemainus, British Columbia
Entered in her freshman year. Vice president of the Freshman class. Gold team captain. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



ELEANOR GODFREY
Seattle, Washington

Entered in her senior year. Daughter of Seminary alumna, Memory Stiles. Plans to attend Washington State College.

ANN HUSTON
Seattle, Washington
Entered in her junior year. President of the Senior class, first semester. Crucifer. Assistant editor of the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



JOAN HOPKINS
Spokane, Washington

Entered in the seventh grade and attended the Seminary through her freshman year. Re-entered in her senior year. Plans to attend the University of Washington.

JEAN HUTCHINSON
Tacoma, Washington
Entered in the kindergarten. Crucifer. Assistant editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



LOIS JANNSEN
Seattle, Washington
Entered in her sophomore year. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



SENIORS

1938



MARGARET MCGINNIS

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the kindergarten. Crucifer. Secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association. Editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Freshman Trustee Scholar, Mills College.



MARY JEAN MORRIS

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the third grade. Secretary-treasurer of the Freshman class. Plans to attend Mills College.



ANNE MURRAY

Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the kindergarten. President of the class during her freshman and junior years. Holder of the Key. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Vassar College.



MARY NASMYTH

Sumner, Washington

Entered in the seventh grade. Plans to enter Whitman College.



LOIS PARKER

Portland, Oregon

Entered in her freshman year. Secretary-treasurer of the Junior class. President of the Student Council. Received the award for Athletic Sportsmanship presented by Judy and Vera Fraser. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



SHIRLEY ROBBINS

Tacoma, Washington

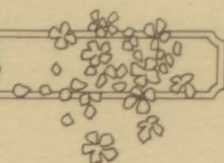
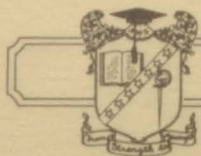
Entered in the eighth grade. Secretary-treasurer of the Senior Sorority. Art editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.



BARBARA ROBERTS

Portland, Oregon

Entered in her senior year. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend Whitman College.



SENIORS



FRANCES SANBORN
Fernie, British Columbia

Entered in her freshman year. Vice president of the Sophomore class. Secretary of the Student Council in 1937. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. President of the Missionary Society. Plans to enter Vassar College.



BETTE-JO SIMPSON
Seattle, Washington

Entered in her junior year. Maid of honor. Associate Editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to attend the University of Washington.

1938



MARTHA TURNER
Tacoma, Washington

Entered in the first grade. President of the Sophomore class. Associate editor of the CREST and the SHIELD. President of the Senior class, second semester. Plans to enter Stanford University.



FRANCES YOUNG
Tacoma, Washington

Attended the Seminary during kindergarten and re-entered in the third grade. Secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Association during her junior year. Vice president of the Student Council. Our lovely May Queen. Business Manager of the CREST and the SHIELD. Plans to enter Wellesley College.



Top row (left to right): Joan Burmeister, Jean Hutchinson, Anne Murray, Frances Sanborn, Marjorie Beam, Virginia Crowe, Ann Huston, Bette-Jo Simpson, Mary Nasmyth.

Center row: Joan Hopkins, Shirley Robbins, Frances Young.

Bottom row: Mary Jean Morris, Margaret McGinnis, Judy Fraser, Eleanor Godfrey, Martha Turner, Cleo Garber, Lois Parker.



Standing: Jean Keys, Beverley Old, Margaret Miller, Ruth Powell, Charlotte Thompson, Lorraine Savin, Mary McMillin. Second row: Jane Ringling, Mildred Mellick, Gwen Couch, Sheilah Sullivan, Helen Brachvogel, Bernice Schafer, Faye Garber, Muriel Mattson. First row: Vernetta Rowland, Elinor Upper, Mary Filberg, Valerie Walkinshaw, Mary Turrill.

THE CLASS OF 1939

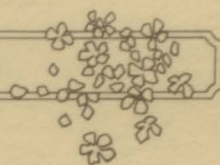
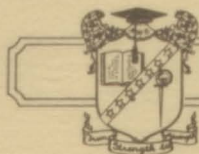
This is your Junior SHIELD reporter bringing you the latest news about the Class of '39.

Flash!—Returns from the fall election of officers showed that Beverley Old was the class choice for president. In the spring balloting for the Maid of Honor, Sheilah Sullivan was the lucky winner selected to attend the Queen of the May. The coveted honor of Key Girl fell to Jean Bullen.

Flash!—In the sports column headliners in basketball were Valerie Walkinshaw and Lorraine Savin (both known also for their accomplishments in artistic pursuits). Famed as ski "yumper" was Elinor Upper.

Flash!—On the society page, first place was given to two important events of the year carried out under Junior direction. Novel, indeed, was the ski lodge, scene of the Frolic—and all due praise was given to "Lulu," champion skier, who remained poised, throughout the evening, for her daring leap. As a setting for the Prom, the Great Hall became a tulip-filled garden, and here the Juniors entertained their Senior guests.

Well—we have written "30" for our junior year, but next year we hope to flash back as Seniors.



Standing: Anne Chapman, Lila Sullivan, Patricia Osborne. Seated: Vera Fraser, Patricia Bouvee, Marjorie Evans, Margaret Keys.

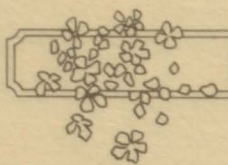
THE CLASS OF 1940

THE LOG OF THE S S "40"

The good ship, "40," began its course last September with three new members of the crew, Admiral Jane Duell, Rear Admiral Margaret Keys, and Private Patricia Bouvee.

Our craft first cast anchor at the Doll Bazaar. Here the crew went ashore, and all hands set to work to build a doll circus, a project which proved to be highly successful. Our ship cruised into the Christmas play in which Rear Admiral Keys transformed herself into an angel. Soon afterwards

Jane Duell was transferred, and Admiral Lila Sullivan took her place. At Second Semester a new member was added to the crew, Patricia Osborne. On April thirtieth the crew took a night off, saw a movie, and enjoyed a feast in the girls' parlor. Further entertainment was provided that evening in the balcony of the Great Hall, from which look-out there was an excellent view of Seniors and Juniors dancing at the Prom. On a May night the good ship, "40," put into port, and its crew made merry at a barn dance with friends who arrived in School Bus A. W. S. 1941.



1938

THE SHIELD



Standing: Barbara Mears, Louise Wilbur, Mary Griggs, Barbara Hibbard, Ann Weyerhaeuser, Catherine Snyder, Betty-Jo Coleman, Mary Ann Ellison. Seated: Catherine Cowell, Nancy Longstreth, Mary Elizabeth Abeel, Muriel Spofforth.

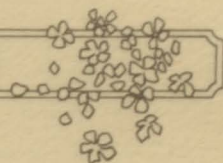
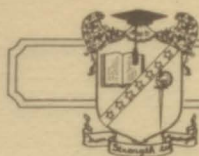
THE CLASS OF 1941

SCHOOL BUS A W S 1941

The driver of our bus is Catherine Cowell, the assistant is Mary Griggs, and the ticket collector is Barbara Mears. The first passengers were Mary Elizabeth Abeel and Mary Ann Ellison, who climbed on the bus at First Street. At the corner of Fourth Street, Ann was picked up. Wee-dee and Nancy boarded the bus on our way up the hill, at Sixth and Seventh Streets. Muriel, Betty-Jo Coleman, Catherine Snyder, Barbara Mears, and Barbara Hibbard were just in time to travel with us on the first lap along the High Road.

In the front seat we see Nancy pondering over her lines for the spring play. Beside her is our poet, Louise. Behind them sits Ann, gazing at her chevron for First team hockey, while Mary thinks longingly of the Mountain. Across from them Betty Jo and the two Barbaras are recalling the fun they had at the Hallowe'en party, representing the Marx Brothers.

Everyone is anticipating the stop the bus will soon make at a large barn beside the road. Here, when the crew of the SS "40" has arrived, we shall all dance together at the annual Freshman-Sophomore Hop.



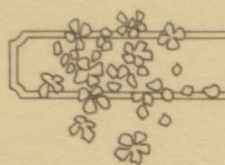
FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

Back row: Margaret Jean Langabeer, Virginia Oakley, Patty Billings, Helen Ann Shepard, Barbara Gene Childs, Barbara Turner, Frances Olzendam. Second row: Patsy Childs, Barbara Hufford, Nancy Griggs, Wendy Wagner, Billie Jean Rust, Shirley Ann Emmert, Gwen Lee Cole, Dorothy Ann Christoffersen, Janet Saxton.



SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

Back row: Corinne Latimer, Marie Eckstrom, Jane Bronson, Frances McGinnis, Elizabeth Olzendam, Virginia Schwan, Joan Latimer, Hazel Schaeffer, Lael Latimer, Jane Snider, Jean Lenham. Second row: Bonnie Jean Chitty, Patsy Crebbs, Virginia Hulbert, Patricia Edgerton, Winifred Saxton, Georgiana Wiebenson, Dorothy Richards, Caroline Screven, Marian Ingram. First row: Sally Ann Gould, Dorothy Winkler, Alice Ann Beal, Barbara Ohnick, Elka Robbins, Avonne Nelson, Laurienne Stewart.



1938

THE SHIELD



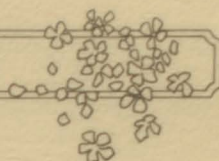
STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Joan Latimer, Constance Franckum, Lila Sullivan, Beverley Old, Margaret Keys, Barbara Ohnick. Second row: Marjorie Beam, Frances Sanborn, Jane Ringling. First row: Joan Hopkins, Frances Young, Lois Parker, president, Ann Huston, Mary Filberg, Catherine Cowell.



OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Constance Franckum, president
Margaret McGinnis
Virginia Humbird
Judy Fraser



LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

WANDERLUST

I stood on the pier and watched them go by,
Ships sailing for Java, Suez, Shanghai;
Some were for England, others for France,
Some just returned from the Isles of Romance.
And I stood on the pier and thought of the day
When I might be sailing to Japan or Bombay.

There was one that was battered and tired and
worn;

She was a freighter from far-off Melbourne;
A passenger liner, proud queen of the seas,
Pointed her bow toward the Dutch Celebes.
And I watched them all leave with a lump in my
throat,
For I longed to sail on some far-destined boat.

ELEANOR GODFREY, 1938.

HEAT

The day was hot. The sultry sun beat into
the valley, scorching, penetrating. Low-hanging
dust penetrated the landscape and shrouded the
distant hills in yellow haze. The sandy road
stretched straight through the valley. Along its
edge grew low underbrush, weighted down with
dust. There were no trees. There was no shade.
Nothing was shielded from the furious sun which
burned and burned everything.

The man with the heavy pack wondered if
there was any green left in the dust-laden ferns.
The thin little dog wondered, too, but doubted it.
The man struck the ferns with his heavy stick.
More dust rose, revealing dull brown fronds. The
man tried to grin; the dog tried to wag his tail.
Both failed.

Then—a distant rumble. The man looked up.
Far to the south black clouds rose over the hills
and swiftly approached. The little dog, motion-
less, except for a slight quivering of his nose,
stared. "Rain," breathed the man.

A sense of uneasiness, of awakening, filled the
valley. Higher and faster climbed the clouds. The
sun faded. A drop of rain. The rumble of thun-
der, much nearer. The valley was suddenly filled
with a profound tenseness. Everything was wait-
ing, silent, motionless.

Crash!—a streak of white cut the sky! Walls
of rain were blown wildly by the screaming wind!
The sky was a tangled mass of grey, lighted only
by the flares which slashed through the atmo-
sphere.

But the man with the little dog huddled be-
tween his legs stood erect and looked into the

sky; and as the rain cut the dust caked on his
cheeks, he smiled.

VIRGINIA CROWE, 1938.

THE MOUNTAIN

Wild winds have whipped my jagged peaks,
With angry howls have broken sleep;
The weeping clouds have kissed my cheeks
Where rivers plunged to canyons deep.

Mad lightning's lash and thunder's crash
Have rocked my throne for ages gone;
My crumbling sides the tempest's dash
Has scored for nature's battles won.

MARY McMILLAN, 1939.

A DIFFERENT AFTERNOON

I have a very special trail over which I walk
only on stormy days. It leads around a narrow
piece of land jutting out into the ocean for a mile.
It is low, flat, and sand covered, except here and
there where a few wisps of grass have braved
through the hard-packed surface. The sand rolls
in mounds; when I stand on the top of them the
wind seems to blow me along. At the tip where
the waves come rolling in and the wind blows
the spray about, I like to stand and gaze. There
is nothing to look at save the great grey breakers
that come furiously dashing in, crashing upon the
shore, and the wind that stretches the grass taut
against the ground. It is not a beautiful walk—
I would never think of taking it on a sunny day.
But just as soon as I feel a storm brewing I take
down my rain slicker and out I go to spend a
different afternoon.

MARY FILBERG, 1939.

MORNING

Drowning out the sea gulls' scream comes the
thundering tide, flinging its salty spray high upon
the wind-swept beach. White lines of surf crash
to their doom, raging over hidden rocks, then
slipping back silently, leaving behind their foamy
breath and the echoing calls in distant caves. The
pale gray mists which veil the sea slowly rise and
melt as the sun's early rays filter through. The
flying birds cut dark patterns against a blue sky
scattered here and there with wind-blown billows.
Thousands of glistening pools left by the reced-
ing tide throw back images of light as the sun
rises higher and higher to a brilliant summer's
day.

VALERIE WALKINSHAW, 1939.



GIFTS FROM AN UNKNOWN BACHELOR

Seven years ago I received a book from an unknown gentleman! On Christmas morning, nineteen thirty-one, I excitedly opened a mysterious package. It was *The Oregon Trail*, by Francis Parkman. My excitement fell to the ground with a thud. It was the book that the High School girls groaned about. Many a time I had heard them say what a dry book it was, and I was in only the fourth grade! On the fly-leaf in a precise hand was the inscription: "To Jean with my very best wishes for a happy Christmas, from J. L. Hooper." The next year at Christmas I received another book called "*The Book of the Flower Fairies*." This book, more suited to my age, was a charming book of poetry beautifully illustrated. The following year I received *Vanity Fair*, by Thackeray. The book was not moved from the bookshelf until three years later.

Every year since then this gentleman has sent me a book at Christmas. Nineteen thirty-six brought me *A Little Budget of Home Stories*. This was a small book with thick pages, enormous print, and short, choppy sentences which reminded me of one of my first readers.

Last Christmas came a tiny book called *A Flower Fairy Alphabet*.

I remember an alphabet book that I knew by heart at the age of five. I have always remembered the verse that went with the letter "Z."

"Z" is for Zebra
Who has all the stripes."

But as this book has to do with flowers it says:

"Z" is for Zinnia, pink or red;
See them in the flower-bed,
Copper, orange, all aglow,
Making such a stately show."

All these gifts have been sent to me by a bachelor whom my father met on one of his many business trips, and whom I have never seen. This year after writing my usual thank-you note, not more than two weeks later I received a letter from him. He sent me a picture of his dog and informed me that he was going back to England and planned to stop in Tacoma on his way East. We expect him next week, and won't he be surprised when he sees that I'm not six any more!

JEAN WEBSTER, 1940.

THE FIRST DIVE

You sit on the edge of the pool and look down at the water. All the time you are muttering to yourself, "*I will, I will.*" Then you stop and shudder as you notice the depth. You imagine yourself under water struggling to come up, and

shudder again.

But now you're set, head down, hands together, and a deep breath. One, two, three—no, not this time, next time. But "next time" is already that dreadful "this time." You can't believe it. It isn't true. You're actually losing your balance. Then comes the awful moment just before you hit the water. When you come out dripping with water, you surmise that it was not so bad after all.

GEORGIANA WIEBENSON, Eighth Grade.

NIGHT

The sky was like a dark blue sieve
Turned upside down, and the stars
Were peeping through like small, silver suns
Covering the Earth with a dim light.

DAY

The sun like a big yellow ball
Shone down on the green meadow
And polished the hills in the distance,
Till they gleamed like piles of gold.

JOAN LATIMER, Eighth Grade.

THE PEACEFUL OUTDOORS

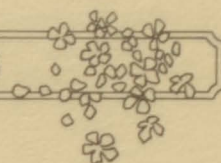
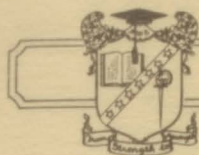
The waters were smooth and tranquil. The sea gulls flew noiselessly about. A dog lay drowsing on the beach. The mountains stood out across the water, and the sun was going down behind them. A sailboat was anchored to an old, picturesque dock. Not a sound could be heard for even the flies were asleep.

MARTHA BINNS, Sixth Grade.

A PLAIN DONKEY

I am just a plain donkey that happened to see the birth of Christ. Don't you think I was very lucky? I will tell you the whole story. One night it all happened. I was in my stall almost asleep, when a man and a woman came into the barn. They looked around. Just then I fell asleep. I was very foolish to do that. I was awakened by a crying sound. I opened my eyes very quickly and I saw in my manger a beautiful Baby. I felt kind of funny, because I was not used to having a baby in my manger. By that time all the animals of the barn were awakened and they were crowding around my manger. I had the best view of the pretty Baby. Soon our master came in and kneeled and bowed his head. I looked up at the ceiling and I saw some angels. Then I looked outside and I saw a big star shining above the barn in the sky.

BILLIE JEAN RUST, Fifth Grade.



ICE-SKATING

Over the shining blue ice dances a figure to the music of the "Blue Danube." The figure is dressed in a short, full skating-skirt of blue with a small line of white fur around the bottom. The skates are white shoe-skates with blades of shining, blue steel. Now a turn, then a jump, then a whirl, but always keeping time to the music. When the music stops, the figure stops. When the music goes fast, the figure goes fast. Then the song ends. The figure bows and skates off the ice.

BARBARA TURNER, Sixth Grade.

MIDNIGHT'S RESCUE

Midnight was a mother cat with three baby kittens. She was as black as midnight and lived near the great Mississippi River. She dearly loved her three kittens. Their names were Mustard, Delay, and Early.

Mustard was a tan color and he was very fond of stinging puppy Duke on the nose when he came too near. Delay was smallest of the bunch, he was always late for bathing time and ALWAYS made up a delayed excuse. (Which he was very good at.) Early was the very opposite. He always was awake, alert, and happy, and he was ALWAYS ready to play, ANYTIME.

Puppy Duke was the puppy. He was very old and he always wanted to make friends with Mustard, but never got a chance.

Now every year the Mississippi would overflow in the spring, and a terrible flood would sweep over the land. It was just the middle of March, when they were awakened by a terrible uproar, where Midnight lived.

"What's that noise, mother?" asked Early.

"Horrors!" exclaimed Midnight. "It's the Mississippi. Wake up, Mustard, and Delay, run and tell Duke to bark to Mistress and Master. They can understand him."

Early did all this in such a hurry that it did not seem a minute until he was back. Duke woke up Mr. and Mrs. Brown. In a minute everybody was awake. Mr. Brown was down putting everything in the boat, and Mrs. Brown was getting the clothes and food from the house down to the boat. Midnight managed to get her kittens up to the highest place on the roof, when the flood came. The boat was starting off without Midnight and her kittens, when Duke began whining and growling.

"What's the matter, Duke?" said Mrs. Brown. Duke could not stand it any longer. He jumped off the boat, swam back to the house, and got Midnight and her kittens into their basket, and carried it in his mouth, and swam through the cold, cold water to the boat. Mrs. Brown helped them up to the boat and took Duke in her arms and carried him into the cabin. Then she got Midnight and her kittens and took them into the cabin, too. She gave Duke a warm bath and dried him well and put him by the fire. He was completely exhausted. Then she gave Midnight a saucer of hot milk. Then they all curled up by Duke and went off to sleep.

OLIVE BELL, Fifth Grade.

THE FAIRIES

Oh! See the fairies dancing,
All dancing in a ring;
And hear their tiny voices
Sing tra la la, sing.

My, look at the gay colors—
Blue, green and yellow.
Look, look at that little one,
That tiny little fellow.

Why! He's a little elf
All dressed in brown.
Oh! Look at that pretty one
With a lovely gown.

PATSY CHILDS, Fifth Grade.

AN EASTER BUNNY

I saw a little Easter bunny,
As white as white as snow;
But when he jumped, he looked so funny,
Because he could not go.

His great big ears just weighed him down,
And he was bored to tears;
Because he was the one that was
The one that had big ears.

FREDELLA HACKETT, Sixth Grade.



FROM OUR ALUMNAE

Mary Jane Stamm, 1935, who received the Keen Memorial Wreath, sends this greeting from Mills College.

APPRECIATION

Appreciation—It is a queer word because by definition it means "to price or value," "to estimate justly," "to recognize or feel the worth of" or "to esteem duly." And yet how many things do we take for granted without fully recognizing the value therein. Do you fully appreciate your school and the opportunities that are offered there? Do you value the friendship of your instructors and recognize the interest which they show in you? And again do you entirely realize and esteem the efforts which your families have made in order to send you to a girl's school?

Perhaps it would be better to say that when you leave your school, your Annie Wright Seminary, you will look back upon it and the days spent there with fuller comprehension. Perhaps your sense of value will be keener than before. Maybe there will be a trace of sadness as you look back over events which you might have felt more deeply. However, there will be a much greater sense of appreciation when scenes of happy days crowd your memory. Learn to estimate justly and be grateful for the opportunities offered so that when you leave your school there will be only one regret—that you were not able to stay longer.

Jean Anderson, 1937, writes of an extended sojourn in the south.

A SOUTHWESTERN JAUNT

In my year away from school duties I have had a journey whose itinerary has taken me into the great Southwest. California is rightly advertised and Arizona's sunsets are as beautiful as pictured.

The two bridges at San Francisco add materially to the already marvelous view. Chinatown is unique. At the telephone company's office, an ornamented pagoda, the operators must be able to speak six of the seven dialects spoken in Chinatown in addition to English, Italian, and German. Going down the coast, Los Angeles is next in importance. Almost everything in this vicinity is done on a gigantic scale; buildings tall, city limits to the ocean, boulevards long, and civic projects in proportionate size. But above its size the attractions are the deciding factors. Still farther down the coast lies the charming city of San Diego with its sub-tropical atmosphere. Old Town with its historic points and Balboa Park's fourteen hundred acres add greatly to that sea port.

There is a fascination about the desert that is inexplainable. Each day of the month in Tuscon made the thought of leaving harder. Arizona is so rich in minerals that visits to the mines were

unavoidable. Near Tuscon is Colossal Cave which has many formations resembling animals and persons. Hundreds of bats in one portion give the cave "that needed touch."

The trip from beginning to end I enjoyed to the maximum.

From Jane Bourne, President of the Class of 1936 and Trustee Scholar at Mills College, comes the following letter.

To all the Seminary:

I'm so happy to have the opportunity of putting a few words into *The SHIELD*. Receiving the annual is such fun, for although many of the alumnae have lost really close contact with the Seminary, we still have the sincere interest in it—or even more.

This spring vacation while flying from Seattle to Portland, we passed directly over the School. It looked perfectly beautiful from the air. In that view so many memories came back to me. There was the Chapel, which means so much to all of us; the gym, where we Golds had to fight so hard for our victories; the field, where in earlier days we ground out credits for our teams; the tower, scene of May Day and of our "Twelfth Night." All that the Seminary has meant to me came back more clearly than ever. It occurred to me looking at the School from far above that in the same way it is not until we have been out and away from Annie Wright that we realize what she has given us in background, experiences, and associations. All these things are increasingly appreciated as time goes on.

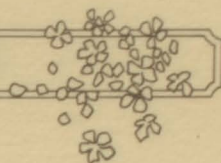
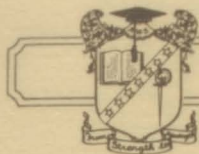
There's really very little to report about myself—though I seem to be inhumanly busy. I have been granted a scholarship for Dance at the Mills Summer Session, and I shall act as student assistant. It will be thrilling, for I'll work under Bonnie Bird of Martha Graham's school, Lester Horton, and our Tina Flade. Next year I may be at Mills again or in the east—it isn't definite yet. Love to you all. Jane.

Frances Crawford, 1937, is continuing her studies at Stanford University. In her senior year at the Seminary she wrote the following translation:

IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

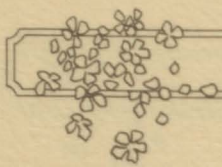
Gaius Valerius Catullus

Now the jocund Spring the happy season brings;
Now the winter's age must hush his blust'ry rage;
And Zephyr, debonair, walks the fields of air.
Nor will Catullus grieve Phrygian lands to leave.
Now Asia-wards we fly to cities proud and high.
Again my heart is gay, eager on to stray;
Now eagerly my feet, glad again, grow fleet.
Farewell my comrades dear, together for a year,
Who by one way left Rome, and now take many home.



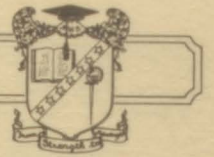
PANORAMA OF THE
YEARS EVENTS





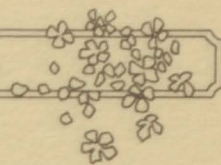
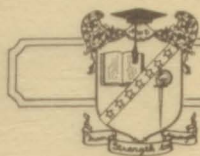
1938

THE SHIELD

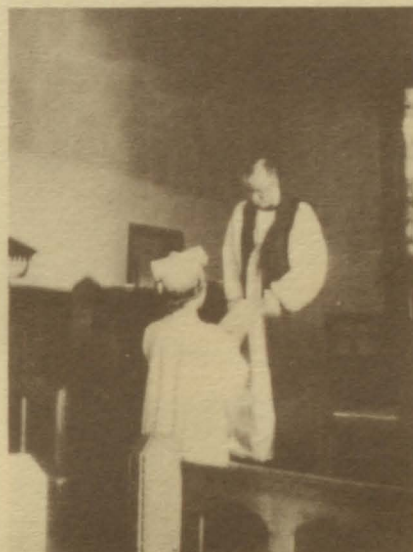


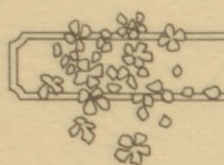
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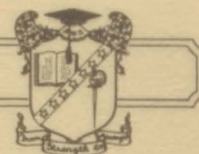
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THE SHIELD

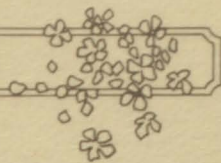


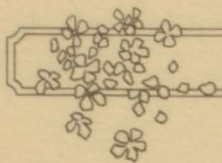
WE ARE SEVEN



Top (left to right): Joan Burmeister, Jean Hutchinson, Anne Murray, Margaret McGinnis, Virginia Crowe.
Lower: Frances Young, Martha Turner.

Seven little girls once came to the Seminary to attend school for the first time. Throughout the greater part of their school days they have been together, and now the seven little girls have become seven seniors. Here are the little girls.





1938

THE SHIELD



